

# Mark Knopfler, Sands Of Nevada

These tables are haunted  
By the ghost of Las Vegas  
Their chips were once mointains  
But they came here to play  
They could take me if they wanted  
But I have nothing worth counting  
And like the sands of Nevada  
They go drifting away

Lady luck's still a mystery  
With her head on my shoulder  
And I dont know why  
I still want her to dance  
I guesess that's all history  
What it is is I'm older  
And I'm still a fool  
For a one-way romance

Her dice were red rubies  
They rolled and they tumbeled  
And I never saw time  
Running out with my roll  
And in the wasteland of cut glass  
My dreams were crumbeled  
And I payed with whatever  
I had left for a soul

Now the dawn's has broken eve  
On an empty horizon  
No reason for folding  
No rason to stay  
It's too soon to be leaving  
Too late for critizising  
They go drifting away